knew some one who had seen the ghost, or had come very near having that pleasure themselves. All of which, of course, goes to prove that there was a ghost. The locality known as the "Rocks," was a barren waste, on which nothing grew but a few clumps of stunted bushes, and was covered with huge broken and jagged ledges, which had the appearance of having been, at some remote period, hurled together by some party of gigantic carousers during a drunken spree.

on his homeward journey. There was a many thing about the place being haunted, had been frightened half out of their wits. But old Major Lawrence salways treated with scorn every story about any thing supernatural, and ridiculed the idea of the Major, had been a very wealthy man, would doubtless have been called eccentric. He was one of those men who seems to consider that one severy man have a right to his opinion, provided that opinion exactly agrees with his own. At home he was a veritable martinet, of whom his family, particularly the femining portion of his house of his family he was not as bad sort of a man, as men go, so long as you kept the right side of him. His family consisted of himself and wife, a meek, quilet woman, who searcely dared as howed way fulled to himself and wife, a meek, quilet woman, who searcely dared as a howed way any store of himself and wife, a meek, quilet woman, who searcely dared as a howed way any way, the issue has a form the country of the longer of the Corpers and the not provided the control of the control of the corpers and the c

a few years her senior, whose frank, honest face just now wore a look of mingled anger and disgust.

"I don't care if he is your father, Maggie," he said, plucking a wild daisy, and ilercely pulling it in pieces, as if were an animate thing against which he held a grudge, "Pd a-licked him all the same, only he was an old man, and of course I couldn't on that account. The idea of his forbidding me to speak to you again, telling me that I was unfit to associate with his daughter at all, and ordering me to never step foot inside his house again. And then, as if that was not enough, to accuse me of stealing his sheep!"

He ended the sentence with a sort of gasp, his face deathly pale from the passion that almost overpowered him.

"Don't Tom, oh don't!" the girl said, entreatingly, laying her hand on his arm. "You know he didn't mean it. You know he father, that I did take the sheep." he said almost savagely. "You seem very ready to take his part."

"You know better, Tom!" the girl said, passionately. "You know I didn't mean it was undered in pursuit. It resembled the oath, darted in pursuit. It resembled the oath and oath, darted in pursuit. It resembled the oath, and oath, darted in pursuit

to take his park."
"You know better, Tom!" the girl said,
passionately. "You know I didn't mean
any such thing?"
And then, womanlike, she burst into

And then, womanlike, she burst into tears.

Tom's mood instantly changed.

"Forgive me, my daciing," he said, penitently. "I was a brute, I know, for speaking so to you; but the thoughts of that—of what he said—makes me so angry that I hardly know what I am saying. But Maggie, little one," he continued, and now all trace of anger had fied from his face, "what matters it if your father doesn't like me? Surely you can trust me. Why can't you be my wife, anyway, and let them say what they like?"

There was a world of entreaty in his voice, and in the honest brown eyes which looked down into the tearful blue ones beside him, and for an instant the girl hesitated; then she exclaimed quickly:

"O, Tom, I couldn't! I dare not unless papa gives his consent, and he will yet. And then you know, Tom, that you are not ready yet to be burdened with a wife. Wait until you have finished building, and are really ready. Where could we live now?"

"I know, Maggie, of course you are

are really ready. Where could we live now?"

"I know, Maggie, of course you are right about walting," said Tom, rather staggered by her practical way of viewing the case; "but as for your father's consent—he'll never give his consent, I know. And then I can't see you without sneaking around here like a thiat, and meeting you when your father is away—once in a month, I suppose."

"Papa is going to the Corners noxt Saturday night," said Maggie, ignoring the first part of her companion's speech, "and

CHAPTER II. The following Saturday afternoon John Lawrence took his father's horse and buggy and drove away down the road in the direction of Mapleton, where, if rumor spoke truly, there lived a certain young lady to whom John was paying his attentions.

spoke truly, there lived a certain young lady to whom John was paying his attentions.

After an early supper the Major started for the Corners on foot. Arrived there, and his business attended to, it was dark when he dropped into Johnson's tavern, "just to hear the news," before starting on his homeward journey. There was quite a number of the loafers of the Corners assembled in the bar-room, most of them old acquaintances of the Major's, and more than once the old man accepted the invitation to "jest step up. Major, an' taste the stuff." From this it must not be inferred that the Major was an habitual drunkard, for he was nothing of the kind; but in those days before prohibitory laws had been established, to indulge in an occasional glass of ilquor was not considered the disgrace that it is at the present day. However, the numerous "tastes" which Major had indulged in, were not altogether without their effect, and it is safe to say he was what might be termed "slightly elevated."

"I heered that somebody see the ghost of the 'Rocks,' Lyther day," remerked.

newe, into cussed of his family he was not a bad sort of a max, as men go, so long as you kept the right side of him. His family consisted of himself and wife, a insek, quilet woman, who scarcely dared say her soul was her own, and a son and daughter. John, the elder, inherited enough of himself and wife, a insek, quilet woman, who scarcely dared say her soul was her own, and a son and daughter. John, the elder, inherited enough of his daughter. John, the elder, inherited enough of his daughter, and he was more like her mother.

It was a beautiful June afternoon, and the soft summer wind, redolent with the perfume of innumerable flowers, ruffed the surface of Badger's creek, and caused its aurface to sparkle like myrisda of tiny diamonds, as the senight glanced across it. From out in the meadow beyond came the monotonous chirping of the locusts, and overhead in the apple-tree numbers of little birds were singing.

But the beauty of this glorious June day seemed altogether loss on a couple—a young man and maiden—who were standing at the lower end of Major Lawrence's orchard, and near the bank of the stream. The girly who was of medium size, with blue eyes, and soft, golden-brown hair, could not, perhaps, be called strictly beautiful, but was certainly very pretty, and was the complete of the country of the

from behind the bushes, and, with some-thing that sounded suspiciously like an oath, darted in pursuit. It resembled the ghost of tradition in its general make-up, but, I am sorry to say, it didn't use the language of the conventional ghost; that is, if I am any judge.

"The infernal old fool!" he exclaimed— for presumably it was a ghost of the male

is, if I am any judge.

"The infernal old fool!" he exclaimed—
for presumably it was a ghost of the male
gender—"what in the name of reason does
he mean by going that way? And he hasn't
seen me yet, either. Must have too much
aboard—too much of old Johnson's tanglefoot.' Why don't he let up a little? He's
—blast the lack!"

This latter exclamation, which ended in
something between a groan and a smothered howl, was cacked by his striking his
foot against a stone that lay in the road,
and which nearly threw him on his face.
He recovered himself, however, and for a
few steps ran on one foot. Most extraordinary conduct for a ghost, wasn't it? But
then as I have undertaken to chronicle
precisely what transpired, I can not omit
this unpleasant fact, nor am I responsible
for what happened.

All this time the Major, who still kept up
his breakneck speed, was tearing down the
hill, when suddenly his foot came in contact with a loose stone. For an instant
there was a confused mixture of arms,
legs and boots, followed by a dull thud.
He partially raised himself, and looked
back, and for the first time saw his pursure.

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the terror-

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the terrorstricken old man. "Spare me! ch, spare
me! Take any thing I hev, only don't kill
me!"
"And do you deserve any mercy?" demanded the ghoat in a low, hollow voice.

CHAPTER III.

Exactly how Major Lawrence reached home that night he could never tell. He had a faint recollection of crawling along the road on all fours, but the idea was very indistinct and shadowy.

Somewhere along in the "wee sma'hours ayant the twai," good Mrs. Lawrence was awakened by hearing a strange noise in the front room, and going to investigate, discovered her lord and master, still arrayed in all his outer habiliments, boots and all, stretched out on the sofa, in an unconscious state.

stretched out on the sofa, in an unconscious state.

"Tain't no use, Mandy," he said, feebly, when he had regained the use of his tongue once more, "I'm goin' ter die, I know. I had a warnin' las' night—see the ghos' of the 'Rocks,' an' he warned me, an' I ain't much longer to live. I've been a wicked man, Mandy—I've lived an onrighteous sort of life, and I wish I could hev it ter live over agin; I'd do different. Howsomever 'tain't no use now." And with a groan the Major turned his face to the wall.

when that animal with a snort of terror suddenly stopped and refused to go a step further. Ahead in the road lay an object of some kind, which a second glance showed to be a dead sheep. As John sprang from the buggy to investigate matters, Tom White made his appearance on the hill

White made his appearance on the hill above.

"What in thunder," began John, and then he caught sight of Tom. "It's—let me see, one ear notched and t'other one slit—why, yes, it's your'n, Tom. But what in the name of General Jackson does it all mean?"

Tom stood and looked on in a dazed sort of way for a moment, and then a light seemed to break suddenly in upon his mind.

"Bill Sykes!"he involuntarily exclaimed.

mind.

"Bill Sykes!"he involuntarily exclaimed half-aloud.

"A bad sight? Well, of course it's a bad sight, 'specially when it's your sheep. But what dees it mean?"

"Must be one of mine that somebody's stolen, said Tom sententiously, and then added, "But what brings you here so early in the morning, John? I thought you were in another direction."

"Father's sick; got scared last night at something, I guess, at any rate he's sick

"Father's sick; got scared last night at something, I guess, at any rate he's sick now, and I'm going for Dr. Stone."

"Let me take the team and get the doctor, and you go back home; you'll be wanted there if your father's so very sick, and I can go as well as not. But, John," he continued, as John, agreeing to this plan, was about starting for home, "don't say any thing about finding this sheep, will you? I'll explain it all to you some time, but I can't just now. Keep it dark, and I think I've got a plan by which to find the thief who has been taking off our sheep lately."

John gave the required name of the side of the says the required name.

thief who has been taking off our sheep lately."

John gave the required promise and Tom drove on to the Corners, where he found Dr. Stone still in bed.

"Why, bless my soul. Tom!" said the worthy doctor, when he at last came to the door, still rubbing his eyes, "what brings you here so early? And old Lawrence's outfit, too!" he added, as the spied the Major's team. "What does it mean? Who is sick?"

"It means, doctor, that Major Lawrence

'It means, doctor, that Major Lawrence

"It means, doctor, that Major Lawrence is sick—very sick, they say—and I came over for you," said Tom. "They want you right away, and so if you can go now I'll take you over with me, and save time. They'll bring you back."

"In just a minute, Tom, in just a minute," said the doctor, and he disappeared within for a few moments, and then came forth again, equipped for the journey.

"And so old Lawrence is sick, is he?" remarked the doctor, as he took his seat beside Tom. "What seems to be the trouble? I didn't think he ever was sick; thought he was too stubborn and con-

thought he was too stubborn and con-

thought he was too stubborn and contrary."

Just what passed between Dr. Stone and Tom (who was a great favorite with the doctor) on their hurriel three-mile journey, I can not say; but as the doctor sprang from the buggy at Major La v-rence's door, he turned to Tom with the remark:

"Yes, that will be all right, White; I'll help you all I can, and see that it's carried through, if possible. No; no danger at all," he added, as Tom said something in a low tone, "it won't hurt him—only do him good. He needs to be taken down a peg or two."

He took his medicine case which Tom handed to him, and entered the house. In the hall he met Maggie, and stopped to speak to her for a moment, and then entered the room where the Major lay, still silent and motionless, his wife sitting by the bedside, weeping. The doctor said something in an undertone to Mrs. Lawrence, who got up and left the room, and he was alone with his patient.

"Do you believe in sperrits, doctor?" asked the slok man feebly, after the doctor had gone through with the usual formula of examining the tongue, feeling the pulse, and asking the customary questions.

"Yes, I do," said the doctor, solemnly,

questions.

"Yes, I do," said the doctor, solemnly, and then he added, sotto voce, " in the kind that's bottled. I can't say that I ever saw one myself," he continued aloud, as he began mixing up a compound from some little bottles which he took from his

The Ohio Democrat.

FUGINA WITTE, Tuninders, and the second of the control of the

only I'd rather it would be you tuan me, that's all."

And the doctor stopped long enough to give some directions regarding his medicine to Mrs. Lawrence, whom he met at the door as ne went out, and then left for home. A couple of days later all Oakland was thrown into a state of astonishment by the circulation of two stories, which subsequently proved to be true. The first of these was that Bill Sykes and his family were missing—had disappeared bag and baggage, in some mysterious manner, without leaving any clue to the direction they had taken in their flight. The second—and this was much more astounding than the other—was to the effect that Major Lawrence, evidently repenting of some of his former misdeeds, had sent for Tom White and apologized for the way that he had heretofore treated him.

"An' they do say," remarked Miss Bea-

that he had heretofore treated him.

"An' they do say," remarked Miss Beazle to Mrs. Deacon Pringle, who was a particular crony of hers, and whom she had visited taxt morning for the express purpose of imparting this delectable bit of gossip, "they do say as how the Major, arter 'pologizing to Tom, give his consent, an' that Tom an' Maggie air to be jined in the bounds of matrimony nex' fall."

"Surely Kingdom-come can't be fur off!" exclaimed her astonished listener, "when Lifelet Lawrence, willful as he's allus ben, sees fit fur to do a thing like that. But I'm glad fur the young folks—fur Tom an' Maggie."

"An' moreover," went on Miss Beazle. "they say as how the Major see a ghost last Saturday night as he was comin' from the Corners, an' was skeered his end was nigh, as the poet says, an' so 'pented of what he'd said."

"Like enough, Selina," assented Mrs.

what he'd said."

"Like enough, Selina," assented Mrs.
Pringle, "like enough that air was the case. I allus knowed it would toke suthin' more'n an airthly power to subdoogate the Major, as it were, an' make him act like other folks."—A. H. Davidson, in Ballou's Magazine.

EARLY COACHING DAYS.

Copies of Old Coach Bills.

Previous to the introduction of coaches, journeys were performed on horseback or by post-chaise, and goods were carried by pack-horses. Stow says that the Earl of Arundel introduced coaches into England about 1580; but some give the honor to Boonen, Dutchman, who is said to have used this class of vehicle as early as 1564 These coaches, however were for private use, and it was not until 1625 that they were let for hire at the principal inns. In 1637 there were fifty hackney coaches in London and Westminster, and soon after stage-coaches came into general use. Here is a copy of an old coach bill of that date: "York Four Dayes. Stage-coach begins on Monday, the 18th of March, 1678. All persons that are desirous to pass from London to York, or return from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the Black Swan in Holborn in London, and the Black Swan in Cony street in York. At both which places they may be received in a stage coach every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which performs the whole journey in Four Days [if God permit] and sets forth by Six in the morning. And returns from Yor to Doncaster in a Forenoon; to Newark in a Day and a Half; to Stamford in Two Days; and from Stamford to London in Two Days more." Near-ly one hundred years after the coaches were called "machines," and the fast ones "flying machines;" while, to continue the metaphor, one man thus advertises his coach: "Pruen's Machine will begin flying as follows: Hereford Machine, in a day and a half, twice a week, sets out from the Redstreak-tree Inn in Hereford, Tuesday and Thurs day mornings, at 7 o'clock; and from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, London, every Monday and Wednesday evenings. Insides, £1; outsides, half-price. Jan. 5, 1775." During these palmy days they had not the good macadamized roads that we now en-joy. In winter the roads were often so bad that the coaches could not run, but were laid up, like ships during an arctic frost. If the roads were defined at all it was most frequently by ditches, into which many a luckless out sider has been thrown by the numerous coach accidents of the period. In many places there was no road boundary at all, for we read that Ralph Thoresby the an-tiquary lost his way between York and Doncaster and the diarist, Pepys, between Newbury and Reading. A writer in 1770 thus speaks of the Lancashire roads: "I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this awful road.

Let me most seriously caution all
travelers who may accidentally propose
to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would a pestilence; for a thousand to one they break their necks

- A banana skin rightfully located forms as much of an obstruction to the

or their limbs by overshrows or break-ings down, as they will here meet with

ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud in Summer time,"—Chambers' Journal.

OLD FORT MEIGS.

Present Appearance and Interesting Surroundings of the Historic Epot.

The Present Outlook From the Old Fort.

BY JAMES P. AVERILL.

Fort Meigs occupies a level plateau, located on the southeast bank of the Maumee, sixty feet above the water, about one-half mile above Perrysburg. Standing on its breezy height, the vision extends for a range of over twenty m les up and down the valley. The location was no doubt originally selected as a site for the fort on account of its expansive outlook, as well as its strong natural de-



(Birdseye View of Fort Meigs, from the North)

fenses, for certainly there is no spot n the State, or in the territory for many miles west and northwest, that will favorably compare with it as a point of extensive observation and scenie beauty. From above for many miles the silvery waters are seen, sparkling and thashing in their supid flow over their rocky bed, winding among the pretty green islands and past the rich bottom lands, covered with ripening gran.

At the foot of the Fort the rapids end and the head of steam nav gation commences. The river cont nues its winding awy among the islands and bottom lands, but widens perceptibly after leaving the Fort The banks are lined with groups of native forest the steam and bottom lands, but widens perceptibly after leaving the Fort The banks are lined with groups of native forest the steam and pattern with the tops of the pickets probable the north and extending along the north line of the Fort, bordering the brow of the hill facing the British battgries across the river, the most formidable effects works were constructed, and the solid ramburds, with their bastlons, curtains, etc. are well preserved, although settled materially from their original proportions. The outlines of the block houses and battery parable well well of the preserved, although settled materially and the solid ramburds were sorted and the preserved although settled materially works were constructed, and the solid ramburds well and the proportions. The outlines of the block houses and battery parables are seen, and the river, the most formidable effects works were constructed, and the solid ramburds well and the pretty the most formidable effects works were constructed, and the solid ramburds well preserved, although settled materially from their original proportions. The outlines of the block houses and battery parable well preserved, although settled materially works were constructed, and the solid ramburds well preserved, although settled materially and the solid ramburds well preserved, although settled materially and the solid ramburds



(Across the Fort, and down the Valley, from the West Angle).

man.

The outlook from Fort Meigs embraces many miles in extent and every foot of the soil within range of the vision has been made sacred by deeds of heroism in the his-

pretty residences. Ten miles below, over a flow-lying headland, the church sp res and many of the lofty buildings in the growing city of 20 ledo come into view.

As one stands upon the old fort and drinks in this beautiful vision, he is overcome with sympathizing pity for the savage natives and to whom it was so fondly endeared that many brave lives were sacrificed in strugiling to retain it from the grasp of the white man.

The outlook from Fort Melgs embraces many miles in extent and every foot of the soil within range of the vision has been many miles in extent and every foot of the soil within range of the vision has been made sacred by deeds of heroism in the his-



Down the Ravine toward Perrysburg, from the North Angle, looking East: Dudley burial ground on the right, marked by a dead walnut tree.

tory of the country. A broad ravine, leading from the fort on the right, affords a glimpse of the pretty town of Perrysburg, haif hidden by the luxuriant trees which line its broad avenues, and on the brow of a small arm of the ravine are still to be seen the outlines of a British battery which did terrible execution during the sego, and was gallantly captured. In the foreground, a few rods from the Fort, on a green hill-top, is the burial spot of forty-five of Dudiey's brave command, whose graves have never been disturbed. To the left of these stockades can be followed, in many places, distinctly by the depressions in the rods from the Fort, is an elevated, narrow point known as "Indian Hill," where General



(Across the river from the Fort, where the main British batteries were planted).

PRESENT APPEABANCE OF FORT MEIOS.

Many of the heroes who defended Fort
Meigs in 18i3 have visited the spot in late
years, and have expressed their surprise
that the original contour of the Fort has
been so well preserved. This is accounted
for by the fact that a luxurant and tenscious sod has preserved the embankments
from the effects of storm and rain, and the
proprietor of the domain and the patr otic
citizens of the community have prevented
the sacred soil from being disturbed.

The Fort proper covers a space of about
fourteen acres. As one stands upon the
grand traverse, extending nearly parallel
with the river, from the northeast extremity
of the Fort, a datance of 1,100 feet, to the
main entrenchments at the opposite point.
It was originally built twenty feet wide and
twoive feet high; it has since settled about
three feet, but otherwise still retains its original shape and proportions, and is covered
with green sod. This huge embankment was
built as a place of retreat, in the event of
any of the outer works being taken by
storm, and shorier traverses were also
erected at right angles with it from the
brow of the bill and on the opposite side, extending southward, as a protection from
fank movement of the enemy. Four openings are to be seen in the grand traverse
(three of them about twelvo feet in with,
which were originally covered with massive
timber gates, through which the art liery
passed; the one nearest the northeast end

Harrison located an advance picket guard; it was the site of an extens we indian cemetery, which fact gave it its name.

One mile down the river on the opposite side, is the village of Miami—the site of Fort Mami, occupied by the British General Proctor during the siege. Across the river, opposite Fort Megs, is the town of Manuel, occupied by the British General Proctor during the siege. Across the river, opposite Fort Megs, is the town of Manuel, occupied by the British General Proctor during the siege. Across the river, opposite Fort Megs, is the town of Manuel, occupied by the British General Proctor during the unpleasantness, and the outlines are still distinctly visible or the word binned the unpleasantness, and the outlines are still distinctly visible or the word binned by Colonel Indiley's gallant command. About two miles above Manuel is Presque Isle Hill, the scene of the "Hattle of Fallen Timber."

PRESENT APPEXBANCE OF FORT MEIGS.

Many of the heroes who defended Fort Meigs in 1813 have visited the spot in late years, and have expressed their surprise that the or ginal contour of the Fort has been so well preserved. This is accounted for by the fact that a luxur ant and tenselous sod has preserved the embankments from the effects of storm and rain, and the part of the Fort, a distance of i, 100 feet, to the main acrosses, occuping and proportions, and is covered with the river, from the northeast extending the movements of Duley's men over the river.

The Fort proper covers a space of about for the fort, and stance of i, 100 feet, to the main entrenchments at the opposite point it was originally built twenty feet with and twelve feet high a fade of the one of the command of the store of the domain and the patr of the Fort, and the other works are also the store of the domain and the patr of the fort, and the other works are also the store of the domain and the patr of the fort, and the other works are also the store of the domain and the patr of the fort, and the patricular than the patricular than t

still enveloped by the green sod which first covered it.

When the Fort was built the timber was cut down on every side for a quarter of a mile or more, in order to prevent surprise from the Indians and also to give unobstructed range to the cannon which defended the Fort. The large, handsome trees growing in the pretty ravine east of the Fort have all grown up since the date of the siege. Immediately after the close of the war, the town of Qrieans of the North (located on the bottom lands, between Fort Meigs and

the river) became quite an important frontie po nt; the town of Perrysburg was taid ou by the Government, however, ou the elevated banks below, in 1816, and the once preten tious village of Orleans became a thing of



(Up the valley from the Fort; battle ground of fallen timbers in the distance).

ground of fallen timbers in the distance).

the past: it is now known only in history, with nothing to mark the spot where it once existed. The Fort was then garrisoned by forty soldiers, under a Leuizanant; they were withdrawn in May, 1815, and the four heavy cannon, which were there, and the military stores were taken to Detroit by Captain Jacob Wilkinson, in the schooner Hlack Snake. Since that time Fort Meigs has been left to the sole care of those who owned the estate upon which it is located. REUNION OF VETERANS OF THE WAR OF 1813 AT FOUT MEIGS.

In June, 1870, there was an excursion of veterans of the war of 1812 to Fort Meigs, and quite a number were in attendance. The reception given them by the citizens of Porr, sburg was governed by the most unbounded hospitality and reverence for the old heroes, many of whom were then in the neighborhood of eighty years of nge. At the head of the column which marched to the Fort was borne an old flag which had waved over the battlements during the siege. It was torn and stained with the smoke of battle and on its lower border was inscribed in gilt letters: "2d Com'd, 1st Squad, 3d Brigade, 1st Div., O. Milltia," It was owned by David Mechesney, of Warren County, O, and was in the charge of his father-in-law, Colonel Irvine, during the war. Forty-four



of the old heroes were present upon this interesting occasion, among whom were the following: General Leslie Coombs, one of Dudley's men who successfully ran the gauntlet: Peter Navarre, Harr son's celebrated scout: Colonel Charles S. Todd, Harrison's aide-de-camp, and others more or less distinguished.

rison's aide-de-camp, and others more or less distinguished.

From these veterans, at the time of their reunion on the old Fort, was obtained much of the information contained in the foregoing description. Unfortunately the only plan of Fort Meigs on file in the Wardbepartment at Washington is a sketch made by Joseph H. Larwell, July 19, 1813 (the day prior to the opening of the second sieges, which is manifestly, in part incorrect, although reproduced and adopted by Lossing in his "Field Book of the War of 1812-15," by Henry Howe, in his Ohlo Historical Coffections, and by H. S. Knapp in his history of the Maumee Valley.

An earnest and well-directed effort is being made by the people of Northwestern Ohlo, and by prominent citizens in every quarter of the State, to locate the proposed Soldiers' and Sailors' Home upon this spot, which is not only most appropriate, but S., in a hygienic sense, and in every other way especially adapted to it. On this subject Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Past-President of the National Relief Corps, in a well written educating in the Sunday Journal, dated July 4, 8ays:

"Should the Board of Trustees boeste the

orial in the Sunday states locate the says:

"Should the Board of Trustees locate the Ohio Soldiers' Home at this spot, the time is coming when they will receive the plaudits, not only of their own people, but of the Union, which holds in this historic spot a double share."

THE PIANO PLAGUE.

A Berlin Electrician's Humane and In-

contemporary, that a private scholar is a ruined man if next door to his residence on the same floor a maiden practices on the piano from eight o'clock to twelve in the morning, and in the afternoon again from three to seven, besides giving performances to friends in the evening. Knocking against the wall, whistling, bombarding the wall with boots, is all of no avait against piano-mania. There bas, indeed, hitherto been no remedy, and we are still waiting for a piano tax. Lately, however, a Berlin electrician has helped a tortured friends by means of a pianokiller. Miss Else fled to her toved piano on a lovely spring day; her de-light at touching the keys could be felt through the wall, when suddenly-oh. heavens!-the whole piano went out of tune and not a single sound was correct. The girl trembled with fear, and the operators next door heard through the wall how she began to weep, which softened the heart of the electrician, who was, however, furiously attacked by his friend when attempting to restore its music to the instrument, the enraged savant swearing that the tortures which he had endured from the piano were not to be atoned for so easily. The case of Else's piano became widely known, chiefly because now and then the old clear music returned to the keys. The greatest musicians and planist doctors came in flocks to examine the strange case, but no one could solve the riddle, which was finally explained as follows: A large electro-magnet was put into the room of the tortured savant, and its pole was put close to the wall, against which stood the piano in the next house. An electric battery was con-nected with the electro-magnet, Whenever a strong stream of electricity was turned on its effect could easily be felt through the wall by the horizontal steel springs in the piano, and although the electricity was not very powerfully felt it was quite powerful enough to put the piano out of tune. Whenever

play .- Pall Mall Gazette. -The attention of a policeman of Leith was attracted one night recently by a sizable brook of port wine, which flowed from the gate of a large ware-house into a neighboring sewer. Making sure that it was good wine and worth saving, the policeman aroused the warehouse manager, and it was found that a large vat had burst its hoops, permitting 1,200 gallons of wine to run out upon the floor, which was flooded to the depth of several inches. Assistance was called in, and some 200 gallons were ladled up and saved, but 1,000

the electric stream was stopped, which occurred as often as the victim of the

piano plague went out, the mystical

influence stopped and Miss Else could

gallons ran away. -"Yes," said the tramp, "folks may talk about charitable institutions.

Nowadays, if a man goes to the work-house and gots a supper and lodging, he's got to do something in the way of work to pay for it. My stars, sir, a don't call that charity."